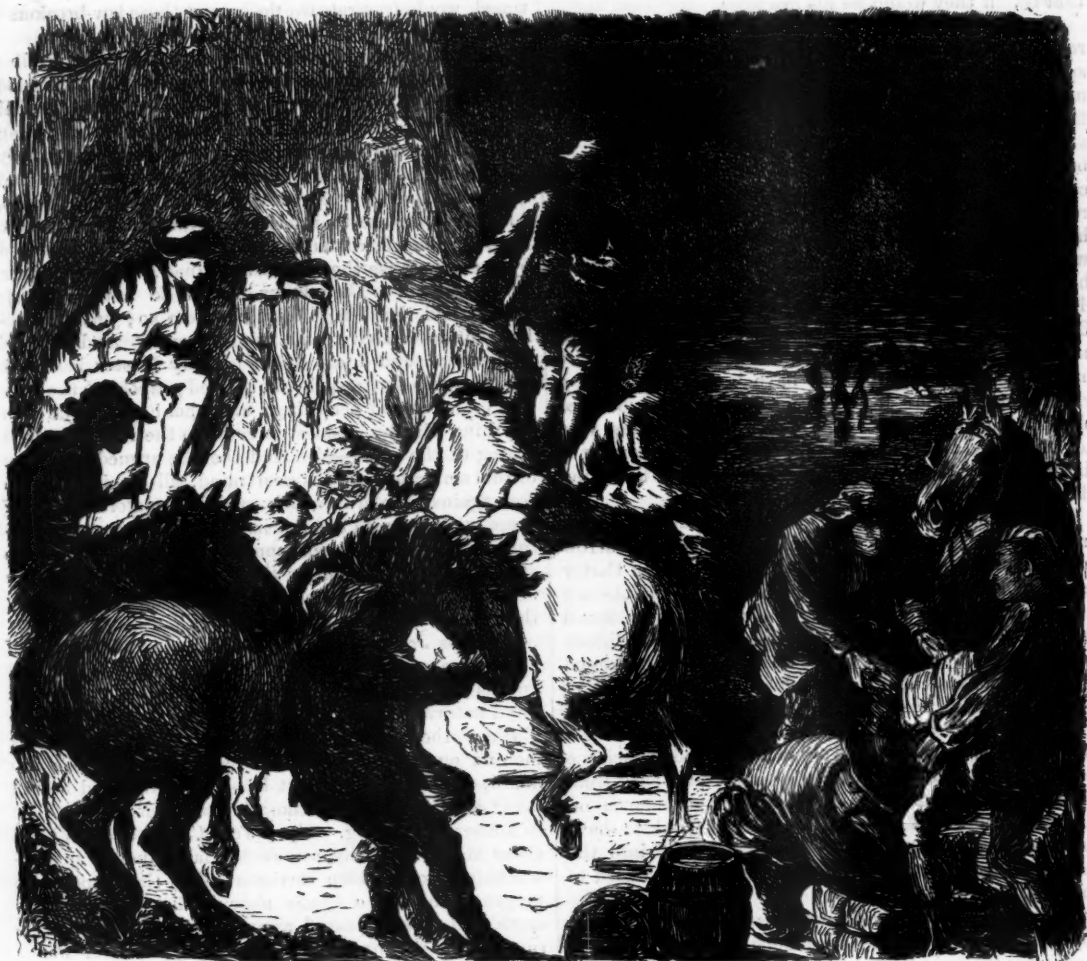


# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Corper.*



SMUGGLERS AT NIGHT ON THE KENTISH COAST.

## HURLOCK CHASE.

BY G. E. SARGENT, AUTHOR OF "STORY OF A CITY ARAB."  
CHAPTER XXXIV.—A TURNING-POINT.

LEAVING the smugglers awhile, we must retrogress an hour or two in our story, and accompany Heywood in his solitary walk through the Chase, after William Carter and his company had dismissed him with a suitable admonition.

The evangelist walked on silently, partly from prudential motives; for it was plain that some night-work was on foot, and other parties might be about who would

not treat him with the consideration he had received from the forgers, by whom he was known, and by some of whom he was liked. But, besides this, he had no heart now for resuming his cheerful songs, for his soul had been suddenly cast down within him, and he was sorrowful.

No greater external hindrance to John Heywood's usefulness as a humble labourer in the gospel field was to be found, than in the smuggling propensities of those among whom and for whose souls he was willing to spend and be spent. The spirit of insubordination and resistance to human laws which permeated almost every

class of society, and the roistering habits which the illegal calling and traffic engendered, hardened people's hearts against the system of religion which inculcates honour to whom honour is due, fear to whom fear, and tribute to whom tribute, and which teaches "that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world." Thus the earnest teacher and preacher had found himself met, if not altogether thwarted, at every step and in almost every effort he made, not only by the natural enmity of men's minds against the gospel of Christ, but also by the necessity which he honestly placed before them of immediately taking up the cross, and following the great Master's example of submission to "the powers that be," if they would be his disciples.

True, in spite of these difficulties, Heywood had no reason to complain that he had laboured in vain and spent his strength for nought. The good seed had in many instances fallen on good ground, and was bringing forth fruit. But it was equally true that even his most sincere and hopeful converts could not, in general, be brought to see very clearly that there was any sin in carrying out in practice those principles of free and unrestricted trade upon which modern times and statesmen have set the seal of approbation; and the evangelist, who, perhaps, in his heart sympathized more closely than he himself was aware with their opinions, felt himself driven to a kind of compromise with his severe views of Christian duty in this doubtful case. In fact, his labours among the surrounding population must necessarily have ceased—perhaps would have been brought to a violent termination—if he had not gained the confidence of such men as Will Carter and George Parsley, who acknowledged that, however the Methodist parson might disapprove of their doings, he was safe not to betray them.

Still, John Heywood was grieved when he beheld the transgressors; and he had especial cause for sorrow brought to his mind by the chance meeting with Carter in the Chase. There had been a time when the big foreman at the forge was under strong convictions, heard the word gladly, and seemed hopeful as regarded religion. Nothing—so it appeared to the anxious preacher—stood in the way of his casting in his lot with the disciples of Christ, excepting his close and intimate connection with the contraband trade and its associations. There was a long and desperate struggle; but in the end conscience was lulled again to sleep, the half-convert drew back from his Christian friends, discontinued his attendance on the preaching from which he once professed to have derived so much profit, and plunged again into the society and pursuits which he could not be persuaded to abandon.

Heywood had mourned over his defection, and yet hoped, though almost against hope, that Will Carter would eventually be brought to see the error of his ways, and break away from his evil associates. This hope was further encouraged by the fact that Carter still continued to behave towards himself with a kind of rude respect, though he had discarded him as a spiritual guide. On every such occasion Heywood's feeling was, "I will not give him up: he is not utterly abandoned and reprobate; the great enemy of souls is not yet entirely triumphant; and if I can do no more, I can wrestle in prayer that the poor man may be rescued as a bird from the snare of the fowler."

But Carter was now evidently engaged on one of those errands which were so fatally subversive of serious feeling; he was in the society—yes, and one of the leaders—of men who treated all holy things with scorn and

hatred; and, in the short interview which had passed, he had given way to a levity of speech and manner which deeply grieved the simple-minded preacher, who, in his day's perambulations, had heard and seen enough to make him feel sure that a smuggling run of more than ordinary importance was intended that night. He had almost forgotten this when on his homeward way he had commenced the song of Christian joy and melody which had betrayed his presence in the Chase; but now it returned to his mind, and with it a heavy sense of responsibility which he could not shake off.

How far was he swerving from his duty as a Christian and a citizen, and making himself a partaker in other men's sins, by withholding the information which, rightly timed, would frustrate the designs of those law-breakers? He asked himself this question.

True, he endeavoured to silence these scruples by a line of argument which may even have its weight with good and conscientious men, in similar cases; namely, that if human governments will put themselves in the wrong by making absurd or unjust, or otherwise bad laws, they must employ their own machinery in vindicating and enforcing them. "At any rate," thought Heywood, "it is not for me to interfere. I am trusted by these men, or, if not intrusted with their secrets, I am tolerated by them, because they are assured that I will not inform against them. They know that I do not like their doings, and that I faithfully tell them so; but they believe me to be above committing treason. And it would be treason; and I am above it. My Master has sent me to preach the gospel—the blessed gospel—to the poor and ignorant and perishing; and what have I to do with anything else? Besides, to come to the real right and wrong of the case—" And then he argued the cause of the smugglers in his own mind, till his indignation rose against the laws which made smugglers. "As if there were not sins enough in the decalogue, and opportunities and temptations enough for committing those sins placed before men by their own evil hearts and by the devil, without the help of human laws to multiply those opportunities and temptations."

Perhaps John Heywood did not quite satisfy himself with these arguments; but he silenced himself. Still he was sorrowful. From thinking of Will Carter, his mind naturally turned to Tom Carey.

Since the day of Mary Austin's funeral, now six months ago, he had paid frequent visits to the two families at the Wash and at Robin's Hurst, and he had found it better to go to those houses of mourning than to houses of feasting. Upon Tom Carey, and his blind sister Marty especially, sorrow had fallen, not as an overwhelming storm which carries away all that opposes its progress, but like a gentle shower that refreshes the earth, and, having passed away, brings to light a thousand beauties unseen before. Marty, indeed, was a quick and willing learner in the school of affliction. The gentle teachings of her dying friend and almost sister had prepared the way for those of the evangelist, by subduing the opposition of ignorance and prejudice; and the bodily privation of which Marty was the subject made her probably more susceptible to the Divine light which gradually broke in upon her soul.

Her brother Tom wondered at the change he saw in her, and he loved her for it all the more; and in proportion he perceived (and it did not take long to perceive) that his sister was becoming more and more like his own dear lost love, so did his affection for her increase. More than this—it had been good for him that he was afflicted: his grief for the loss of his Mary had opened his heart for the reception of gospel consolation. The

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last precious gift which he had received from her hands became his bosom companion. We have already referred to the rather advanced and superior instructions Tom Carey had received in early years, in consequence of his familiarity and friendship with Harry Rivers; and now this training of his intellect enabled him to see more clearly than he might otherwise have done the reasonableness of God's claims on his service, the degradation of a sinful course, and the adaptation of the gospel plan of salvation, as well as its beauty and glory.

John Heywood thought of all this as he pursued his lonely way through the Chase. He had great hope regarding Tom Carey. He believed that a work of grace was commenced in the forgerman's heart and soul. But these hopes were damped from time to time, though not destroyed, by Carey's pertinacious clinging to the one great evil which so easily beset him. It was not that the forgerman cared very much for the profits of smuggling which fell to his lot, nor that he found continued pleasure in his companionship with lawless men. In fact, he began to loathe that companionship, the rough jollity of which grated on his sorrow-smitten heart, to say nothing of its incompatibility with his recently acquired seriousness concerning religion. But there was a principle of honour in Tom Carey which seemed to bind him to former associations; and there was also a very strong feeling in his mind of the harshness and injustice of the laws which those associations set at defiance. Thus, while his strong intellect and better training helped on his Divine life (supposing it to have commenced), they also placed impediments in its way.

Heywood had not recognised Tom Carey among the forgermen whom he had encountered in the Chase, but he had little doubt of his being among them. "He drew back into the darkness and shadows that I might not see him," thought the preacher, sadly; and he was pursuing this train of thought as he reached that side of the Chase which fringed the ponds described in the earlier chapters of our story. He was passing over the rude bridge which spanned the connecting stream between the two large sheets of water, when the sound of approaching footsteps fell upon his ear. The first impulse of the preacher was to retreat and draw aside until the passenger, whoever he might be, had passed by; but while he was debating in his mind whether to do this, the opportunity was lost, for the footsteps were now on the frail bridge, which seemed to shake beneath them, while a full deep voice rolled out of the dark shadows of overhanging trees, demanding, "Who goes there?"

The voice was Tom Carey's, though his form was not yet visible; and the preacher lost no time in replying, "A friend: John Heywood."

"You here, sir!" said Carey, advancing and offering his hand. "You are late in the Chase to-night, Mr. Heywood."

"I am going homewards, my friend," replied the preacher.

"I must say good night, then, for my affairs are taking me another way, else I should be glad to go part of the way with you, sir, or all the way, if that were all."

"Are you sure you cannot turn back with me, Tom?" said John Heywood.

"Quite certain, sir," rejoined the forgerman, decisively.

"I'll turn and go with you, then, Tom," said the preacher.

"You don't mean that, Mr. Heywood?"

"I never say what I do not mean, my friend. I'll turn and go with you," repeated Heywood.

"I wouldn't do that, sir. You have miles and miles to go now before you get home; and it's uncommon late."

"Not uncommonly late for me, you know. Day and night are much the same to me, or ought to be; and I may say with my Master, I must work 'while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work:' the night of the grave, Tom. I'll walk on with you if you won't walk with me. It won't be the first night walk we have had together."

"No, sir, no: I remember that other night very well indeed," said Tom; "but I am not looking after Zeke to-night. I should, maybe, be glad of your help if I was, Mr. Heywood."

They were not standing still during this dialogue. Tom had passed over the bridge, and was striding on as though seeking to escape the companionship thus urged upon him; and the preacher had something to do to keep up with the tall forgerman. So they walked on in silence over a considerable space of ground, until Tom Carey slackened his pace and turned to his friend, saying in a somewhat humorous tone—

"You wouldn't be so free to go with me, Mr. Heywood, if so be you knew where I am going."

"It is because I do know it, Tom, or can guess it, that I am at your side now. I want to persuade you to pause and think before you go any farther."

"You must tell me plainer what you mean, Mr. Heywood," said the forgerman.

"Well, then, plainly, you are endangering your body and your soul, your temporal interests and your spiritual interests, my friend; and I ask you, Tom, to consider your ways and be wise."

"You must speak more plainly still, sir," was all the reply Tom Carey made.

"Why should I? But I will if I must," said the evangelist. "You are going now to 'The Squirrel'—"

"Ah! are you sure of that?"

"I believe that you are. I met Carter and others not long since, and he told me he was going there, and made no secret of what was to follow."

"Oh! if he didn't, there's no reason why I should. I am going to join the party at 'The Squirrel,'" said Carey, composedly.

"And you *will* go, Tom?"

"To-night? yes. I have promised; and you would not have me break my word, would you now, Mr. Heywood?" said the forgerman.

"There are some promises which it is not worse to break than to keep, Tom; and I was in hopes that before now you would have come to the conclusion that you would take up your cross and follow the dear Lord, though it might be at the sacrifice of your worldly pleasures or friendships. You told me to speak plainly, Tom," added the preacher.

"I don't mind your speaking plainly, Mr. Heywood; I can bear it from you, for you are a good friend and a true man. As to pleasures," continued Tom, speaking earnestly, "do you think that I have any pleasure in going along with such men as I shall meet presently? And as to taking up the cross—but I will speak of that in a minute or two, when we have done with the danger. You spoke of danger, Mr. Heywood; what danger?"

"I did not refer to any particular danger in this night's work, Tom, whatever it may be, but the general and constant danger there must be in law breaking."

"I have faced that danger too often to fear it, sir," said Carey, laughing; "and, begging your pardon, it is



a danger of the law's own making, and the law has no right to make it."

"Where no law is, there is no transgression," my friend," said the preacher; "but," added he, "we have gone over that matter before, and we need not discuss it now."

"As you please, Mr. Heywood," said the forgerman: "I am not over-fond of arguing, and there isn't much use in it that I can see. But you talked of danger, sir: you don't take account that there's danger in two ways—as great danger in giving up as in going on; more, perhaps."

"You mean danger from your present companions—I won't call them friends."

"That is what I do mean. How much would my safety be worth, Mr. Heywood, do you think, now, supposing I were to turn from these free-trade jobs and set my face against them altogether?"

"I am afraid you are right, Tom," said the preacher, sadly. "You would be suspected, at any rate."

"No doubt of it, sir; and the first mishap there was I should be more than suspected."

Heywood very well knew this. There were instances known in which men who were suspected of having informed against their smuggling companions and betrayed their plans had been cruelly used; others in which known traitors had been compelled to abscond and to quit the country-side altogether, to save their lives from deeply seated revenge; and there was one case, of a distant date certainly, but very well authenticated, in which a wretched exciseman, who had incurred the vengeance of the smugglers by acting the part of a spy, had been put to a dreadful death as a punishment for his perfidy, his murderers escaping for want of proof of the crime having been committed.

"You don't say anything, sir," said Carey, presently, after two or three minutes' silence.

"What more can I say than I have already said, my friend?" said the preacher, sadly.

"True, sir: I think I know all your arguments by heart," replied the forgerman.

"The less reason why I should repeat them, Tom," rejoined John Heywood. "Your mind is made up, I fear, and only *ONE* can turn it. I must leave it in his hands to show you, in his own good time, what you ought to do."

"Mr. Heywood," said the forgerman, more softly than he had hitherto spoken, "you said something just now about taking up the cross. What that may be with others it is not for me to say, but I think I can give a guess what it means to me. It means being jeered at and aggravated in a hundred ways that you don't know of, sir—though you know a great deal, I allow—and having one's temper put up by all sorts of provocations from my fellow-workmen. This is one part of the cross I should have to take up, Mr. Heywood."

"It is the common lot of all true disciples, Tom," said the evangelist. "'All that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution.' It was so in the days of the apostles: it is so now."

"No doubt, sir; and I don't put my case, or what would be mine if I made up my mind, as you say, Mr. Heywood—I don't put it as being uncommon or out of the way, but as being true, and wanting to be looked at. You know what you yourself have told me, sir, about counting the cost; and, if I might say so, I have been trying to do this."

"I am glad to hear it, my friend. Well, you speak of persecution as being one part of the cross, your cross; what is the other, Tom?"

"Just that danger of which we were speaking, sir. It would take but little to put one like me out of the way. I know too many secrets, Mr. Heywood; and if my following Christ tells me to leave off these doings—as I don't doubt it would do in the end—I should be a marked man, and the first job that goes crooked would be laid to me. Now, I put it to you, Mr. Heywood, how much or how little my life would be worth then."

The preacher paused a moment before he replied, with quiet fervour, "You know what the Master says, Tom: 'Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell.'"

"You think, then, sir," said Carey, "there's that much wickedness in smuggling, that a man who has anything to do with it must go to perdition, must be lost for ever in the next world?"

"I never put the matter in a way so uncharitable; nor would I rashly judge of any man's state in the sight of God, Tom," said the startled preacher. "After all," he added, "what I think is a very small and light thing. To his own Master every man must stand or fall. But I may say this, my friend, that smuggling and religion don't match well with each other, don't mix well together."

"Just so, sir," replied Tom, as though assenting to a self-evident proposition; "but we are pretty near within hail of 'The Squirrel' now, Mr. Heywood; and I suppose you don't mean to go on much farther."

"You wish me to leave you, then, to your own wilful wanderings from the right way, Tom," said the preacher, mournfully.

"To my own way to-night, Mr. Heywood," said Tom, stopping in his course, and grasping the hand of his spiritual mentor. "Look here, sir," he continued: "I made this engagement some time ago—it does not matter when; but I made it, and I'll stick to it. If I believed there was any sin against God (setting aside its breaking man's foolish and wicked laws) in doing what I am going to do, I would leave it undone and take the consequences. But I can't see it so: maybe it will come to me some day; but it isn't yet. Stop, sir: this is not all I have got to say;" for Heywood was turning away silent and sorrowful. "Though I don't see it wrong as some people do, I have seen this much in it, that, before this night, I had made up my mind, as you say, Mr. Heywood, that I would never, after this one time, have anything more to do with this sort of traffic. If it brings a cross, I'll bear it, and pray to God to help me bear it, sir. If it is only for the company it brings me into, I have done with it, Mr. Heywood; and, as a true and honest man, and a Christian, as I hope I am, and know I want to be, you may trust me, sir, when I say that this is my last night of smuggling."

Saying this, the forgerman relinquished the hand he had been holding, and before the preacher could make any reply he was lost in the midnight gloom.

#### CHAPTER XXXV.—WHICHWHICH BAY AND THE SMUGGLERS' RUN.

THE scenery at Whichwhich Bay is sufficiently grand, but extremely desolate. As the spectator stands on the lonely beach, facing the sea, which spreads in an unbroken, wide expanse before him, he might easily fancy himself cut off from further intercourse with the world. Occasionally, indeed, a sail may loom in the distance; but careful mariners shun a near approach to the rocky and dangerous coast.

Casting his eye on either side of him, or turning his back upon the fretful waves, the stranger finds himself in an amphitheatre shut in by rugged and lofty gray

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cliffs, the overhanging summits of which threaten destruction to the unwary passenger beneath, while the narrow, circuitous, and hazardous pathway by which he descended is altogether hidden from his sight.

The bay, however, is not so inaccessible as it seems. At one side of the natural wall the cliffs gradually recede, leaving, except at the highest tides, a narrow strip of shore between them and the water, thus furnishing an opening—toilsome, but practicable—for two horsemen to ride abreast into the high and breezy country behind. Once on these uplands, the scene is immediately diversified, and spreads itself out before the traveller in much beauty of high woodlands, extensive sheep-walks, and smiling, secluded valleys, while human habitations are, "like angel visits, few and far between."

It is as well, however, to remind the reader that these meagre descriptions of the scenery of our tale are derived from old recollections. For aught the writer can tell, the lonely and desolate bay may now be the site of a flourishing, sea-bathing, lodging-house-keeping town; and the primeval landscape in its rear may be improved out of all appearance of nature by the wholesale felling of its woods, and by railway cuttings, embankments, and viaducts.

At the particular date to which we have conducted our readers in the previous chapters, and an hour or two after midnight, the bay presented a scene of lively, but quiet, unostentatious, and business-like bustle. The fog had cleared away; bright stars and planets shone in the sky; and there was sufficient light to show that the beach was thronged by numerous horsemen on the back-ground, and by relays of footmen, who, with extraordinary celerity and in profound silence, broken only by an occasional sharp and short word of command, were removing compact bales of merchandise and suspicious-looking kegs from boats close in upon shore. To assist in these operations a couple of torches had been kindled, and these, held over the boats by two of the leaders in the enterprise, cast a broad shimmering light upon the surly waves which broke at their feet. Several hundred fathoms from the shore were dimly discernible the outlines of a long, low, rakish-looking vessel, lying motionless on the water, with sails furled, and held by a single cable, which, however, was ready to be slipped at the first and slightest alarm.

Meanwhile the work of transferring the smuggled merchandise to the care of the horsemen went on briskly. Provided with coils of stout cord, and like men accustomed to the operation, they slung bales and kegs, equally balanced, over the shoulders of the borrowed horses, and then, after leading them up the steep ascent, sprung upon their backs and moved off in detachments across the country, in various directions, towards their previously arranged destinations. All these proceedings were effected with the regularity and rapidity of a well-drilled company of industrious workers, but with none of the timid hurry which betokens well-grounded apprehension of surprise or interruption. In fact, the measures of the smugglers were so well arranged, and their knowledge of the movements of their adversaries was so sure, that no interruption was to be feared. Once in the open country, and on a night so suited to their purpose, there was at no time much danger of capture incurred by men who knew every foot of the roads they traversed, and were acquainted with numberless secret avenues of escape even when closely pursued. On the present occasion, therefore, as soon as the several groups of mounted smugglers were fairly on the march, the silence which had hitherto marked their proceedings was no longer maintained. They broke out into loud and hilarious

songs as they trotted their horses across the fields and along the road; and if occasionally the window of a cottage or farm-house whose inmates were roused by the passing tumult was thrown open, it was again speedily closed, with the remark of the half-awakened sleeper, "'Tis only them smuggling chaps at it again." In many instances, indeed, both farm-house and cottage had sent out all their available able-bodied force to the aid of the law-breakers.

So expeditiously had the clearance of the smuggling cutter, and the dispersion of its contraband cargo, been effected, that before the dawn of that autumnal morning the bay was silent and solitary, with only one distant and lessening sail in the horizon to break the monotony of the scene; while, inland, the smuggled goods were safely stowed in numerous hides, while the jaded horses, that had innocently assisted in breaking the law, were restored to the stables from which (in many cases by the connivance and with the direct knowledge of their owners) they had been abstracted on the previous evening. In other instances a small keg of French brandy or Hollands gin left in the manger served both to explain the purpose to which the horses had been put, and to propitiate the groom; and it is worthy of being noted, that though on the present, and other similar occasions, commodities to the value of many thousands of pounds were at the mercy of the men employed in their removal, instances were very rare in which even the slightest dishonesty was practised. We do not fix much faith upon the saying that there is "honour among thieves;" but there was honour among these smugglers.

Through the whole of the proceedings thus briefly narrated Tom Carey had worked silently with his own gang, obeying the orders of his leader, and watchfully with them guarding against possible surprise. Arriving at the precincts of the Priory, he assisted his comrades in removing the loads from the panting horses, and conveying the contraband goods to extensive vaults beneath the ruins, by a long underground passage known only to the initiated few. In the vaults wonderful ingenuity had been expended, through the agency or under the superintendence of William Crickett, in constructing hiding-places, or "hides," as they were called, for those goods, until they could safely be removed in smaller quantities and at intervals to other stores. Then, as explained above, the horses were taken away to their several stables; and the men returned to their homes, some to sleep off the fatigues of the night, and others to prepare for the ordinary and more legitimate work of the coming day.

Among these latter was Tom Carey, who, dissociating himself as soon as possible from his night companions and fellow-workmen, took his way through the Chase towards the forge, intending to rest himself for half an hour in the furnace-keepers' hut. He had reached the bridge where, a few hours before, he had encountered the evangelist, when he fell in with another wayfarer, who, however, had very little in common with Master Heywood. This man, as seen in the daybreak, was carelessly leaning over the railing of the bridge, and watching, as it seemed, the rush of waters below, when Carey reached its foot; and he continued his idle occupation unmoved until the forgeman was close upon him: then he turned.

"I knew it was you coming, Tom," said the man.

"And I knew it was you, Moses, by your head-gear," returned the forgeman, good-humouredly. "It is a wonder to see you, too. I thought I left you behind at the bay."

"I am here, however, Tom, as you see," said the gipsy; for he it was: "I came forward to have a word with you. I'd light my pipe, too, if I had any tobacco. Have you any?"

Tom drew a box from his pocket and handed it to the gipsy, who filled his pipe, which he kindled by the aid of a piece of dried tinder and a flint and steel, and gave back the box to its owner.

"It isn't Tom Previst's box," he said.

"No; that's safe at home, though, Moses."

"Keep it safe, and keep it handy, then, Tom: you'll want it, maybe, some of these days."

"I'll keep it for your sake and poor Tom's," said the forgerman; "but as for wanting it in the way you mean, I don't know why you should think so."

"That's what I wanted to say to you, Tom Carey," returned the gipsy. "They say you are going to leave this work."

"I don't know who says so; but whoever it is speaks the truth. From this night I wipe my hands of it altogether."

"Just so," said Moses, quietly; "but do you think you'll be let alone, then?"

"Perhaps not, Moses; anyhow, I mean to take my chance about it; and, if it comes to more than words, I don't know but I can take care of myself: I'll try."

"Against what odds, Tom?"

"Well, if it comes to odds, I'll trust in the good Lord to help me," said the forgerman.

"For all that, you may have some use for the gipsy too, Tom. I've warned you once, and now I warn you the second time. Take care: the third warning may come too late." So saying, Moses Lee plunged into the wood, and Tom Carey, after a moment's pause, went on his way to the forge.

#### EDUCATION OF THE POOR IN FRANCE.

FRANCE is a very interesting country to study under a social aspect. The kind of satisfaction one experiences from the study is comparable to that elicited by the sight of edifices growing up rapidly before the eyes under a system of high building-pressure. The fact is, that the great revolution of 1789 made short work with the social institutions of France. Old organizations were then ruthlessly swept away, old notions discarded, old associations broken. Government, law, dynasty—all was profoundly altered in France by that tremendous commotion, and not in the least degree education of the poor, especially the Protestant poor. Relative to this topic a very valuable paper was read at the last or Edinburgh meeting of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science: the main points of it we shall arrange for the information of our readers.

It seems that all the ancient French educational establishments disappeared in 1789, and many years were permitted to elapse before successors were established. As regards the department of primary French instruction, which corresponds to our education of the poor and industrial classes, it cannot be said to have an older date than 1832. Three successive Assemblies ruled France with a heavy hand during the interval between 1789 and 1800 inclusive, viz., the Constituent Assembly, the Legislative Assembly, and the National Convention. Each of these, in its turn, promised to give France a system of national education, and each broke the promise made. Until the establishment of the consular government, nothing in the way of a national education was carried into effect; but even then primary instruction was

benefited in a trifling degree only. Instruction of the high and middle classes was that chiefly accomplished by the consular solicitude. The Emperor Napoleon I founded the University of France, which since his time has risen to so high a degree of celebrity; but not until the year 1828 was public instruction made a separate department of the state. Under Polignac it went back once more under ecclesiastical dominion, and thus remained without a minister of state at its head until 1832, when M. Guizot was appointed Minister of Public Instruction. This celebrated and enlightened statesman—himself a Protestant—applied himself vigorously to the task imposed upon him by his office; so that, whatever progress has been made in the education of the French humbler classes must be chiefly referred to his well-devised and well-executed measures. At the end of 1847 (the year before the revolution) the number of elementary boys' schools had risen in France from 33,005 to 43,514. But this increase does not fully show the extent of educational increase, seeing that it takes no cognizance of girls' and infants' schools, of industrial and other establishments belonging to popular education, and seventy-six normal schools, furnishing masters for all the departments of primary and secondary instruction.

The code by which education is now regulated in France was adopted by the National Assembly in March, 1850. The supreme power is assumed to vest in the Superior Council of Public Instruction; but practically (as our remarks will make evident by-and-by) the real controlling power over French educational establishments is the Roman Catholic Church, which—domineering always—has done its utmost to deprive the Protestants of France of an education based upon the principle of scriptural investigation and free inquiry. Here it will be worth while to set forth the constitution of the Superior Council of Public Instruction, which was as follows: President, the Minister of Public Instruction; four archbishops or bishops, chosen by their colleagues; a pastor of the Reformed Church of France, elected by the Consistories; a member of the Lutheran Church (Confession of Augsburg), elected also by the Consistories; a member of the central Israelitish Consistory, chosen by his fellows; three councillors of state; three members of the Cour de Cassation; three members of the Institute, elected by their colleagues; and eight members named by the President of the Republic (the Emperor). The latter are taken from certain specified classes, and they form a permanent committee, retaining their offices for life, with a salary; their nomination, however, may be revoked by the Emperor. Finally, there are three members of the free instruction class, named by the Emperor through the Minister of Public Instruction. The term "free instruction," he it remarked, means schools or educational institutions conducted by individual enterprise, but all of them subject to state control.

In this board of twenty-seven, with a minister of state at their head, is vested the supreme authority over all education in France. They administer the laws through the medium of provincial boards, called "academical councils," one for each department. The constitution of these academical councils is analogous to that of the supreme council. The prefect, the rector, the bishop, three ecclesiastics nominated by the bishop, and various *ex officio* members, sit side by side with the solitary Protestant pastor and an elder of the Jews. No new school can be established without the consent and authorization of the academical council. Such is the organization of public education in France. It has been in operation more than fourteen years. Let us,



then, see how it works; and, lest an English writer's opinion of a French educational scheme might seem tinctured by national prejudice, we will cite a Frenchman to testify in behalf of his own country. Now a Frenchman—M. Jourdan, a well-known contributor to the "Siècle"—wrote two leading articles, which appeared in August, 1863, in that journal, touching the neglect of primary instruction prevalent throughout France. According to this gentleman, the educational advance accomplished by M. Guizot has been lamentably contravened since 1851, when the Legislative Assembly allowed education to fall into the hands of the clerical party, and the entire scheme of M. Guizot to be overturned. A republic was on the wane: an empire was dawning. To support that empire the influence of Rome would be needed. The Roman Catholic clergy at once saw and seized the opportunity circumstances had presented to them. "The watchword," says M. Jourdan, "went forth from Rome, and innumerable corporations, both of men and women, rose up; amongst them the Christian Brothers, commonly called 'Les Frères Ignorantins,' and got possession of the primary instruction. Meanwhile, the Jesuits, by founding institutions which have now taken deep root in the soil of France, disputed with the University the secondary education in the middle or *bourgeois* class, while associations of women seized upon young girls of the inferior class. This army, supported by funds from some hidden source, has now moved on for thirteen years, under the protection of academical councils and the law Benquet, towards the conquest of the rising generation. The number of religious women now devoted to teaching throughout France is forty thousand. Such is the system now opposed by the anti-clerical party. The poor schoolmasters," M. Jourdan goes on to say, "who are miserably paid, and crushed beneath the power and dignity of the bishops, are made to perform the meanest services at dictation of the priests. They wait in the sacristy; they toll the bells; they trim the lamps. Being only laymen, they are as hewers of wood and drawers of water for the church. On the other hand, the religious bodies, their eyes fixed on Rome, are allowed to dip into the public treasury and take out as much as they can get with both hands. They have houses, public buildings, fine institutions, at their disposal, giving very little instruction in return. It is true you will find little boys and girls in very devout attitudes—their arms crossed, their eyes down—repeating, parrot-like, long prayers, the purport unintelligible. They may be seen adoring medals, images, scapularies; their minds brimful of superstition, their bodies subject to the rod of coarse country girls, whom a certificate of obedience has created governesses, or even of men, the so-called Christian Brothers, or 'Frères Ignorantins.' Such is the truth of our situation," adds M. Jourdan: "we maintain the danger of its continuance, and we affirm that modern France cannot leave her children in hands like these."

This is a severe judgment upon the French lower class educational system, especially coming from a French writer. According to M. Jourdan, the educational law of France, notwithstanding the adoption of the words *Enseignement libre* as its motto, is little more than an engine in the hands of the state and church for compressing the instruction of the masses within narrow limits. According to the same writer (expressing his views on another occasion), the academical councils are more careful to see that subordinates do not teach too much than that they should teach too little. License to open a free, or, in other words, a private school, no

matter how competent the teacher, is not to be gained without some trouble, and often not without patronage. Every educational institution, from the highest to the lowest, is under immediate state control; and it depends upon the will of the prefect, and the academical council, whether schools unconnected with the University shall be allowed to exist, or, if to exist, whether they shall be permitted to work untrammelled. Under these circumstances the testimony of M. Jourdan is hardly needed: the inevitable result of the educational organization of France could not well have been otherwise than he describes it. How comes it, then, that France is conspicuous for some brilliant examples of secular educational excellence? M. St. Hilaire, Professor at the Sorbonne, furnishes the answer to this question. Fully admitting the high standard of education that prevails in some of the higher colleges, he coincides absolutely with M. Jourdan in reprobating the system of French education as affecting the middle and lower classes. In a dissertation recently published by him, on the peasants and labouring classes of France, he expresses himself as follows:—"Instruction as now imparted in our country districts," he writes, "often does more harm than good. Our country people have a worship, but no religion. They have schools in which the instruction given is not worth the cost. Taken by itself," he goes on to say, "instruction in our country places is insufficient and almost ridiculous. The system adopted requires years for children to read badly, and write still worse." Bearing in mind that the above severe judgment is directed against schools over which Roman Catholicism reigns dominant, let the reader now hear what testimony M. St. Hilaire has to give in reference to French Protestant schools. In the latter, the Protestant schools, he goes on to state, "children learn to read in six months, and write in one or two years; the consequence being, that parents prefer to send their children to the Protestant school and pay for instruction, than to the Roman Catholic school, where teaching is gratuitous." This superiority of Protestant schools M. St. Hilaire attributes to the operation of a higher moral principle. Protestantism, he says, aims at moralizing the people by asking them to believe; whereas Catholicism only bids them to obey.

It is time now that we pass in review, as fully as our space permits, though less fully than the importance of the case demands, the condition of lower class Protestant education throughout France. Premising that France holds two Protestant communities recognised by law, viz., the Reformed Church and that of the Confession of Augsburg, otherwise the Lutheran, the reader will be interested to know that they possess conjointly about 1640 parishes or districts, and 1750 schools. In 1816 Paris only numbered two schools for the instruction of Protestants: there are now fifty-eight, and more are demanded. Of these schools, some are communal, and are therefore aided by the municipality, while others mainly depend for support on the liberality of Protestant congregations and private charity; but many are chiefly supported by school payments, varying from about twopence-halfpenny to about fivepence per week. At this time about four thousand children are receiving instruction at the Protestant schools of Paris; and the committee of one school received no less than £340 in school fees, varying from twopence-halfpenny to fivepence weekly, paid by parents who were, for the most part, dependent upon their manual labour for subsistence. Many attempts have been made by the French Roman Catholic party to suppress these free evangelical schools, but, so far as Paris is concerned,

unavailing. The police, being appealed to, visited these schools and judged for themselves. The result was, that they very much approved of what they were called upon to condemn; so that now they rather encourage the free evangelical schools than otherwise. It is well to bear in mind, however, that these remarks for the present apply to Paris wholly, and that even there Protestant free schools exist merely on sufferance, not being connected with any corporate body recognised by law.

It is to French rural districts that we must look for examples of Roman Catholic opposition to Protestant instruction. There the academical council, aided by illiberal magistrates, prevents the spread of sound education. As furnishing an illustrative case, we may cite the modern educational history of a rural commune in the department of the Upper Vienne, and of which Limoges is the chief city. When M. Guizot's educational ameliorations were first entered upon in a population of over six hundred souls in this commune not one was found capable of writing at all; but before Louis Philippe had ceased to reign every person of an age to understand could both read and write, similar advantages being extended to several villages in the neighbourhood. Until 1850 (until two years, that is to say, after the republic was established) these French country Protestant schools went on prospering. We have seen that, about the time in question, an order went forth from Rome that the Roman Catholics should endeavour to obtain the monopoly of French education. Having secured prefectorial authority on their side, the Roman Catholics managed to suppress all the Protestant schools in the department of Upper Vienne; the allegation being that the teachers, although possessing certificates of competence, were unqualified to teach morality. The decree, however iniquitous, had to be obeyed; but the Protestant Society of Paris (which must be considered at the head of all French Protestant educational organizations) endeavoured to secure the advantages of education, whilst keeping within the law, by arranging a scheme of house-to-house instruction conducted by visiting tutors. There was no law to interfere with a parent having a tutor or a governess for his children; but if one stranger were to be present at a family educational gathering, then the meeting would come under the ban of a law established. For a long season the police watched these assemblies day by day, hoping to find some unauthorized individual. It was all in vain: the law was never broken, and so at last the rural Dogberries and Shallows began to see they had the worst of the contest. At length some of these individuals came to the conclusion, that, as the law could not be made to stretch a point in favour of them, they, on their part, would stretch a point in opposition to the law. It was argued by these sapient people, that, as the law forbade the meeting of more than twenty persons' without a license, it was an evasion of the law, on the part of these private teachers, to gather children together by twos and threes, seeing that, in the aggregate and in the course of the day, there would be an unlawful meeting for every twenty. Well, not to be unnecessarily prolix, let it suffice to state that the strange interpretation of the decree of limitation to twenty was accepted by one provincial court of law and confirmed by another. The principle involved in this decision was too important to be allowed to rest thus. The French have in their Cour de Cassation a court of equitable appeal something similar to our own Court of Chancery. To the Court of Cassation the appeal was taken, and, being there argued upon, was reversed. Henceforth, then, it was decreed

by the high French court of equity that a parent did really possess the legal right to have his own child taught in his own house, at his own cost, by a person of his own choice. So the *persecuted* as well as prosecuted schoolmaster Jusnel went back to the scene of his former labours, calling from family to family to give instruction. It was impossible, for shame, that such a state of things could continue; and the Minister of Public Instruction, M. Rouland, intimated to the prefect of the Haute Vienne, that the Protestant schools in that district should at once be reopened.

Reopened they accordingly were, and much to the satisfaction of Catholics as well as Protestants—all but the priests. "Then," my authority goes on to state, "came the days of rejoicing, a festival in every village," a mutual greeting between Roman Catholics and Protestants, one proclaiming the victory of common sense and parental authority over the bigoted folly of priests and rulers. The concession, however, was accompanied by a most ungracious proviso—one evidently at variance with the principle established by the highest court of judicature in France, viz., that every parent had the right to choose a school or teacher for his child—the proviso being, that no Catholic child should be educated in one of these Protestant seminaries. Liberal Catholics expressed themselves very adversely to the decree professedly enacted on their behalf. They cherished a lively remembrance of previous educational advantages secured to their children through Protestant instruction. Many of them even came accompanied by their children, and disclaiming Roman Catholicism. Moved by these cases, and fearing to run counter to the law, several Protestant schoolmasters of the Haute Vienne district put themselves in communication with the committee having its headquarters at Paris, and were advised not to receive Roman Catholic children, lest the schools might be again interfered with.

The case we have selected for illustration is by no means solitary. The course pursued against Protestant teachers of the department of Haute Vienne finds its parallel in more than one other Protestant French department. Cases precisely similar are to be found at Crevecoeur, the centre of a large district in the neighbourhood of Cambay, and other parts of France. In short, the establishment of a new Protestant school in a French country district is a matter of difficulty and a work of time. The Romish Church is persistently averse to the establishment of every school, except it be made subservient to Roman Catholic interests. In whatever light the education of a people may be viewed, states the report before us, it is certain that, in point of quantity and quality, elementary instruction in England is far ahead of that in France; moreover, that while a steady improvement in our case is visible, there is no hope of any change for the better among our neighbours. So long as Rome and Roman Catholics prevail, the teaching of the children of the poor in French country places is all but a name.

#### DEER-STALKING IN SCOTLAND.

ALTHOUGH the successful crack of one's own rifle on the hill-side makes a wonderfully lasting impression, and the satisfaction of bringing down a fine hart is no small thing, yet it is the combination of many circumstances that produces the charm of what is rightly called "the noblest of British sports." While the mountain air is bracing and exhilarating, the scenery is at its finest during the deer season, beginning the last days of August or early days of September. The red and



DEER-STALKING IN THE HIGHLANDS.



yellow mosses and lichens forming large masses in the foreground; the delicate birch-trees gradually goldening in the leaf; the wimpling burn; the heather in its rich beauty; the whole toned down by the tender blue mist so frequent in the Scottish landscape: all this delights the lover of nature. Besides, the game itself is of such noble dignity, so graceful in all its movements, so subtle, so keenly sensed, so fleet, so grandly antlered, that, even when the moment of success arrives, and the rifle is levelled, the imposing appearance of the monarch of the glen develops admiration, so as almost to produce a pause, and keep fingers from the trigger.

In Scotland there is not so much legitimate deer-stalking as is generally supposed; because there are two distinct ways of taking deer; viz., the drive and stalking.

The drive is a sort of royal road to shooting deer, more allied to battue-shooting, when the animals are brought for slaughter to the so-called sportsman. Very different is legitimate stalking, when you work single-handed with a "gilly," or Highland attendant. Patience, endurance, and the utmost keenness are required to make a good stalker. The deer-drive is adapted rather to the delicate, idolent, and *dolce far niente* shot, avoiding all the fatigue and necessary excitement of doing the hard work one's self.

Here is the recollection of a deer-driving day in Perthshire:—

The head forester has had his gillies out since perhaps four or five o'clock in the morning, to drive the deer in. Every one, from the bairns to the non-shooting visitors, watches the direction of the wind, knowing how seriously the movements of the deer in the forest depend upon that, and how liable they are to break back with the least change. Luncheon over, the rifles are carefully inspected and placed in light waterproof cases—perhaps some of the bullets greased by a fair hand, as a charm to unerring flight. The telescopes in their leather cases are slung over the shoulder. By this time the carriage comes up to the door to take us as far as the road goes up the glen. Arriving at a small lodge, where Peter Fraser, so highly commended in Scrope, was living, we all went in to see the old man, and found him sitting in his arm-chair, which was covered with deer-skins laced to the arms and back; his trusty old Dolland telescope hanging by the fireside, in its old, well-worn, weather-beaten case; and by the side, on the wall, one of those simple barometers so often seen in Scotland—a bit of fig-twig nailed to the wall, the branch rising and falling according to the state of the atmosphere. The old stalker loves to talk of his by-gone achievements, and wonders what Scotland will come to now they are likely to have steam-coaches.

But the deer are being driven, and we must be at our post in time for knowing the state of the wind. The gillies can judge well a probable time for our being ready, and accordingly the head forester places the visitors behind rocks and stumps, and almost in rifle pits, I was going to say. By this time the deer are soon due. One may hardly breathe as the first tye is seen on the sky-line; to whisper is indiscreet, to speak, treason, and to sneeze, why, ruin to the state. Presently the sky-line presents a grand sight, a little forest of antlers, moving nearer and nearer. One shot is fired, and a good hart brought down. Our promise having been to confine ourselves to one, the remainder of the herd are soon away over the hill. The dead hart was soon gralloched, and a new visitor went through the ceremony of being "blooded," and made free of the forest. The old black pony came up, the deer was placed on

him, the antlers tied well back; and the party soon started, a picturesque procession down the glen.

But, for the legitimate stalking, what a difficult thing that is! Good health, nerve, muscle, and patience must be brought to bear. The white shirt of the civilized world must be discarded for a gray one, studying even the local colours of the granite, to get an invisible shade; no white collar; not even a high white forehead, unless covered with a gray bonnet. One gilly goes first, and another behind, with a brace of deer-hounds, with their long, low, curled tails; and on this occasion we had a coley dog, on account of his great cunning in turning deer when they broke. The weather favourable, not too bright, that most important element the wind promising to be steady, all seemed likely for sport. Our early start had sharpened our appetites, and we had reached our ground. We had seen deer, but after lunch. Whether the whisky improved our vision I know not, but we not only saw a herd, but hoped to circumvent them. During the morning we had come upon an interesting sight. Hearing a great clashing of antlers, I had scrambled up some very broken stuff to look down a corrie, in the bottom of which I discovered two harts battling most savagely; and I was remarkably struck by the fact that they never would charge until they were on level ground.

Passing up to higher ground, the mist came boiling up from the valley: it did not rain, but it was a good Scotch mist, which soaks you through instantaneously. We rolled our plaids over us; and at last George Fraser, junior, seeing the chance of an opening in the mist, went to reconnoitre, but returned with a long face and the report of "no deers." Nearly an hour did we lie there: even our pipes would not light; but we enjoyed it, and were thankful it did not rain, and rejoiced in knowing there were deer somewhere near. At length we thought we heard the tread of deer. That hope was not realized; then we saw, looming large through the mist, some ptarmigan, which showed we were high up. At length we heard a positive sound of deer; and imagine our suspense when we saw, huge in the mist, a large hart, magnified immensely by the medium through which we looked, and the hinds browsing and twitching their ears. In a few minutes the mist rose bodily and slowly; I crouched to get my rifle out of the waterproof case, and there before me was the herd. In a twinkling they broke by. My first impulse was to admire, not to shoot; a forbearance my gilly thought only an intention to wait for heavier animals. The herd shook the ground as they galloped by, about sixty or seventy yards off. I sprang to my feet and let fly, bringing down two harts—a clean right and left. This was a great reward for one day, which had been a fatiguing one and a hard one on the hill-side, the ground having been heavy, and bad going. The deer were soon gralloched, and ready for the ponies to be sent. We started home, discussing every incident of the day, and thinking with pleasure of the evening, when Mr. So and So's pudding would be announced at the dinner-table.\*

In Mr. Poulett Scrope's book on deer-stalking many adventures are narrated, together with interesting remarks on the habits of deer and of deer-stalkers. An account is also given of the various forests or deer-haunts in the Highlands. We quote one short chapter, not perhaps of much interest to sportsmen, but because it contains the translation of a Gaelic poem, rendered from

\* The fat round the heart of the deer is made into a pudding, with brass, and, when placed on table, the name of the gentleman is mentioned who shot the deer.

prose to verse by no less a personage than Benjamin D'Israeli.

"The forest of Corrichibah, or the Black Mount, is situated in the district of Glenorchy, in Argyllshire.

"It appears from the 'Black Book' (an old manuscript at Taymouth), and from other documents, to have been kept as a deer-forest from a very early period, till about the time when, by the introduction of sheep on the Highland hills, the value of mountain pasture became considerably increased. At that period it ceased to be used as a forest, and was turned into sheep-farms, in which state it continued till the year 1820, when it was again converted into a forest by the present Marquis of Breadalbane.

"The number of deer was at that time very small indeed, and these were scattered over a very wide district of country; namely, from the western extremity of Loch Rannoch to the head of Loch Etive on one side, and from Glencoe to Ben Alder and Loch Eroch on the other. At this time it is not supposed that the stock of deer could have exceeded one hundred head. No sooner, however, was a part of Corrichibah kept clear from sheep, than these deer gathered in; and the number now in Lord Breadalbane's forest cannot be computed at less than 1500. The extent of ground strictly kept for deer is about 35,000 acres. It extends on the north side from the western extremity of Loch Lydoch, by the King's House in Rannoch, to Dalness in Glen Etive; and on the south side from the confines of the county of Perth, by Loch Tulla and the river Urchay, to Corri Vicar and Glenketland. The ground is peculiarly adapted for deer, being rocky and steep, and the hills are varied with numerous corries. The rocks are mostly granite and porphyry. The grass is remarkably fine, and the sheep of the Black Mount were greatly esteemed in the Glasgow market.

"The stags of the Black Mount exceed those of most of the neighbouring forests in point of weight, and may be estimated at an average of from sixteen to seventeen stone imperial, sinking the offal; and they are frequently found to weigh eighteen, nineteen, and even twenty-one stone, having two or three inches of fat on the haunches. Their heads likewise are large in proportion, being of a much more vigorous growth than those of the Atholl or the Marr deer. One of the great advantages of the Black Mount forest is, that it forms the summit level of that part of the Highlands, and that it has equally extensive grounds on each side, both east and west; so that from whatever quarter the wind may blow, or from whatever side the deer may be disturbed, they seldom leave its bounds, but feed over either to the one side or the other. The hills being extremely rocky and precipitous, and there being only certain places by which the deer can pass from one corrie to another, the mode of killing by driving them is pretty certain. Stalking is very difficult in most parts of the forest, owing to the very steep and rugged nature of the ground. It may be mentioned as a proof of this, that some poachers who were pursuing deer in the forest, in the winter, some years ago, lost one of their companions, who was killed by falling over a rock.

"This forest, like many others, has immemorially been believed to possess its white hind; to which, among other evidence, the following extract refers, from the family manuscript at Taymouth, called the 'Black Book':—

"Upon the threttene day of February, anno 1622, the king's majesty send John Skandebur, Englishman, with other two Englishmen in his company, to see ane quhyt hynd that was in Corrichiba, upon the 22d day of February, anno 1622."

"In reference to this old story it may be mentioned that at this day there is a very light-coloured deer in this forest, which all the foresters speak of as the white deer.

"If 'Lord Reay's country' can boast of having given birth to the celebrated poet Rob Donn, the precincts of the 'Black Mount' are not perhaps less famous for producing a bard who flourished in those rude regions about fifty or sixty years ago. His name is Duncan Macintyre. Some translations from his poems have obligingly been obtained and transmitted to me by the late Marquis of Breadalbane.

"Thus I have it in my power to give a specimen of the beautiful imagery of one of these translations from the Gaelic, rendered in a more modern garb by the celebrated pen of Mr. D'Israeli, junior.

"Thy groves and glens, Bendouran, ring  
With the chorus of the spring:  
The blackcock chuckles in thy woods;  
The trout are glancing in thy floods;  
The bees about thy braes so fair  
Are humming in the sunny air.  
Each sight most glad, each sound most sweet,  
Amid the sylvan pastures meet.  
With the bloom of balmy May  
Thy grassy wilderness is gay!

"And lo! along the forest glade  
From out yon ancient pine-wood's shade,  
Proud in their ruddy robes of state,  
The new-born boon of spring,  
With antlered head and eye elate,  
And feet that scarcely fling  
A shadow on the downy grass,  
That breathes its fragrance as they pass,  
Troop forth the regal deer:  
Each stately hart, each slender hind,  
Stares and snuffs the desert wind;  
While by their side confiding roves  
The spring-born offspring of their loves—  
The delicate and playful fawn,  
Dappled like the rosy dawn,  
And sportive in its fear!

"The mountain is thy mother,  
Thou wild, secluded race:  
Thou hast no sire, or brother,  
That watches with a face  
Of half such fondness o'er thy life  
Of lonely solitude and strife,  
As yon high, majestic form,  
That feeds thee on its grassy breast,  
Or guards thee from the bursting storm  
By the rude shelter of its crest  
Or, when thy startled senses feel  
The presence of the unseen foe,  
And dreams of anguish wildly steal  
O'er trembling stag and quivering doe,  
Conceals thee in her forest gloom,  
And saves from an untimely doom.

"Now roaming free—for on the wind  
No sound of danger flies—  
The fawn may frolic with the hind,  
Nor fear a fell surprise;  
Or, where some knoll its verdant head  
To clustering sunbeams shows,  
In graceful groups the herd may spread,  
And, circling round, repose.  
Thus the deer their vigils keep,  
Basking on Bendouran's steep!"

Non-sporting readers will be amused by Mr. Scrope's list of qualifications for being a good deer-stalker:—

"Your consummate deer-stalker should not only be able to run like an antelope, and breathe like the trade winds, but should also be enriched with various other undeniable qualifications. As, for instance, he should be able to run in a stooping position, at a greyhound pace, with his back parallel to the ground, and his face within an inch of it, for miles together. He should take a singular pleasure in threading the seams of a bog, or in gliding down a burn, *ventre à terre*, like that insinuating animal the eel. Accomplished he should be in



skilfully squeezing his clothes after this operation, to make all comfortable. Strong and pliant in the ankle he should most indubitably be; since in running swiftly down precipices, picturesquely adorned with sharp-edged, angular, vindictive stones, his feet will unadvisedly get into awkward cavities and curious positions. Thus, if his legs are devoid of the faculty of breaking, so much the better: he has an evident advantage over the fragile man. He should rejoice in wading through torrents, and be able to stand firmly on water-worn stones, unconscious of the action of the current; or if by fickle fortune the waves should be too powerful for him, when he loses his balance, and goes floating away upon his back (for if he has any tact, or sense of the picturesque, it is presumed he will fall backwards), he should raise his rifle aloft in the air, Marmion fashion, lest his powder should get wet, and his day's sport come suddenly to an end. A few weeks' practice in the Tilt will make him quite *au fait* at this.

"As for sleep, he should be almost a stranger to it, activity being the great requisite; and if a man gets into the slothful habit of lying abed for five or six hours at a time, I should be glad to know what he is fit for in any other situation.

"As to mental endowments, your sportsman should have the qualifications of a Ulysses and a Philidor combined; wary and circumspect, never going rashly to work, but surveying all his ground accurately before he commences operations, and previously calculating all his chances both of success and of failure; patient under suspense and disappointment, calm and unruffled in moments of intense interest, whether fortune seems to smile or frown on his exertions; and if his bosom must throb at such times, when hopes and fears by turns assail it, he should at all events keep such sensations under rigid control, not suffering them to interfere with his equanimity, or to disturb the coolness and self-possession which at such moments are more than ever necessary to his operations.

"And that he may preserve in all their due vigour and steadiness these indispensable qualities, he should add to them in his hours of leisure and refreshment the further graces of temperance and moderation."

### THE PYRENEES.

#### III.

WE now enter on the third stage of our journey. We have been hitherto wandering in the Lower Pyrenees. At Caunterets we are in the High Pyrenees, and thence we are bound for Luz, a central point of considerable attraction, whence travellers radiate in different points to explore the beauties and sublimities of the neighbourhood. The road from Caunterets to Luz is through two valleys, forming an angle at Pierrefitte. The softest beautifulness characterizes the scenery, except that here and there some bolder features of rock and torrent are thrown into relief. The mountains are occasionally dappled near the top with patches of well-cultivated fields. The little town of Luz is pleasantly situated in a broad valley, with the glorious mountain range of the Pyrenees forming the southern background. Overlooking the town are the ruins of an old castle, once belonging to the Black Prince, one of the last of the English fortresses retained in France.

There is one very picturesque and romantic building in it. It is the church of the Templars, half fortress and half sanctuary. Battlemented and loop-holed walls run all round. The low tower of the church is like that

of a castle. You enter through a machicolated gateway, and inside the church is of the gloomiest description. Portions of the architecture are of the eleventh century; and you are shown a little door, now walled up, through which formerly the Cagots, as they were denominated, used to enter for worship. The Cagots were a proscribed race, said to have been weak in body and mind. Others would not intermarry with them, or hold any intercourse; of which separation the distinct door at Luz is a striking memorial. Their origin, and the cause of their proscription, are hidden in obscurity, and now their very existence is becoming mere matter of tradition, as, happily, the children of these sufferers in former days have become blended with the rest of the population.

St. Sauveur is close to Luz. There the Emperor and the Empress of the French spent some weeks for the benefit of the baths, and there they were staying at the time we visited the place. The situation is most remarkable. The valley at St. Sauveur is extremely narrow; the rocks are richly wooded; and the little street of houses forming the village is literally jammed in among the rocks, and at a distance looks like a string of nests. A river crawls along at the bottom of the valley. The Imperial accommodations were but homely. The house in which the royal family lodged was small and plain, with nothing to distinguish it but a couple of sentinels at the door. Some rude barracks had been extemporized on one side, for the few soldiers that formed the body-guard, and on the other side was a tailor's shop, with the humble knight of the shears at work on the board by the open window. All was silent about the neighbourhood. Nobody seemed at all anxious to see their Majesties except ourselves; and we walked backwards and forwards so long that we began to think we should be suspected, and come under the observation of the police. However, there seemed much freedom at St. Sauveur, and we were struck with a notice at the entry of the royal dwelling, stating that any one who had petitions to present to the Emperor or Empress might leave them there. In the afternoon we saw their Majesties returning home from their drive. There were a few open carriages and outriders, but all was very simple. Louis Napoleon was on the box, and Eugénie was behind with her ladies, and other attendants followed. On alighting, the Empress remained by the door, played with her walking-stick, chatted, gave directions to a servant, and received a letter-bag, or portfolio, from a soldier. The Emperor presently came out, took a stroll on the terrace, smoking his cigarette, and went to inspect some men at work upon a new road which he had projected.

The next day we made an excursion to Gavarnie: it is up the valley of the Gave de Gavarnie, which is remarkable for some of the most characteristic scenery in the High Pyrenees. You soon get into a shady defile. The precipitous rocks close in, the woods overhanging your path, the river foaming along at a depth some four hundred feet below. Here one meets with a good many little mills, common in this region—mere boxes bestriding the water-courses, where a pair of mill-stones can be turned by a wheel at any time, and where the peasant can go and grind his corn when he likes, in most primitive fashion. The valley expands at Pragnères and Gèdre, and at the latter place the tourist in clear weather gets a view of the Brèche de Roland, as it is called—a singular gap cut in a distant mountain opposite, compared to "a notch left in the jaw by the loss of a tooth." The legend says that Roland, the brave Paladin, cut out a piece of the rock with his miraculous sword Darandel,

to open a passage for himself when pursuing the Moors. Beyond Gèdre we reach the wildest part of the valley, called the Chaos, where an enormous mass of *gneiss* (a whole mountain, one would think) has been broken up into fragments, and scattered about in enormous blocks, some thirty or forty feet long. Among the rocks you have to clamber over, one is shown with something like the print of a horse's hoof on it, which is said to have been made by the miraculous steed of Roland, when he leaped over the mountains. Beyond the village of Gavarnie is the Cirque, one of the wonders of the Pyrenees. It forms the end of a basin-shaped valley, and is in fact a vast semicircle of rocks divided into steps or stages, each step or stage containing snow, and some overspread by glaciers. Numerous cascades drip down these stages, so as to form a wide drapery of water, fringing the bottom of this huge amphitheatre of rocks. The Cirque itself is entirely destitute of vegetation, and only a few stunted, storm-torn trees stand in the vicinity of this region of winter and desolation. It is from the Cirque that the ascent to the Brèche de Roland is made; an expedition which we did not feel ourselves strong enough to attempt.

The Cirque and the Brèche are peculiarities of Pyrenean scenery, as distinguished from the Alpine, Apennine, and Tyrolese.

Returning to Luz, we made the ascent of the Pic de Bergons. No one is considered as having "done" the Pyrenees who has not ascended a "pic." It is common to inquire of the traveller, "What ascent have you made?" We, in common with many others, chose De Bergons as the most easy. It is a climb of only two hours, and at the top you are repaid by a wonderful panorama. To the north there are valleys and lower hills, subsiding to the plains, and to the south there is facing you the sublime wall of the Pyrenees with its *pics* and *brèches*. There are at least forty bold, prominent peaks to be counted from this point of view; while innumerable smaller ones are seen lying at the base, and chequering the sides of these more gigantic elevations.

We tarried but a single day at Bagnères de Bigorre. It is a central spot for tourists, and has abundance of accommodation for those who rest here to use its far-famed mineral waters. It has all the appurtenances of such places of resort—stalls, and baths, and lodging-houses, and hotels, and promenades, and gardens, and shops: every comfort and luxury may be commanded. We made an excursion along the valley of Campan as far as Grip; but though in itself it may fairly challenge admiration—though the mountains are noble, and the river Adour cheerful, and the villages and homesteads pleasant—yet the valley suffers from comparison with some others visited during our tour, both before and after we were in that neighbourhood. A sight we witnessed, illustrative of the industrial occupations of the inhabitants, was curious and amusing. A number of flax-beaters were at work. The machine employed consists of two pieces of wood fixed parallel to each other at a short distance, with a third piece placed between them, fixed by a pivot on one end, moved by a handle at the other, looking at a distance like a small chaff-cutting machine. The flax, as it has been gathered and dried, is put in wisps across this apparatus, beaten by the wooden arms of the contrivance, and so deprived of husk and outer coating and reduced to long thready fibres.

We were bound for Bagnères de Luchon, and thither we made our way by diligence. We started in the early morning, and a lovely, delicious, joy-inspiring morning it was—the sky of azure, only dappled with fleecy clouds which told of anything but storms, the sun climbing up

to his throne most cheerily, and the mountains standing out so clearly against the background of the heavens, their night-caps off and their faces hazeless. The vehicle rattled along the valley of Campan, crossed the river, and at length began the ascent of the Hourquette d'Aspin.

As the lumbering coach went crawling up the zig-zag road through a well-wooded forest, we were glad to ramble along on foot, now loitering under the trees, now looking back to the valley we were leaving, and now watching for the fresh views ahead that were about to open on our sight. The mountain opposite to that we ascended, and forming the other wall of the pass, was, for its pine-covered sides, the most astonishing we ever saw. From its foot to its crown it was one dense mass of dark-green verdure. The space covered by it was enormous; but though magnificent to the eye, it struck my spirit as sombre and sad: it was so melancholy in its colour, and had so much of monotony and dreariness in its immense surface. We kept looking on it with wonder as we scaled the pass, and then, immediately before us, we saw the horizon-line of the lofty *col*, the road ending in the sky. All at once we were on the top, on the summit of the ridge; and then, turning our eyes away from the valley of Campan, they suddenly rested on the other side, upon one of the most glorious prospects I ever saw. There was the Vale d'Arreau at our feet, dotted with towns and villages, and girdled in by mountains, and then, beyond these mountains, other mountains like the waves of a stormy sea suddenly petrified; while in the far distance of the south there was the noble Maladetta with its glaciers and snows glittering in the sun. The descent to the valley is singularly steep. Arreau, the town which gives it its name, looks below you as at the bottom of a wall, and you might fancy you could fling a stone into its tiny-looking streets; but the actual descent proves how you miscalculate, and it is not till after a good hour's hard riding down, the diligence swinging fearfully from side to side on the inclined zig-zag plane, that you thunder across the bridge and rattle in over the rugged stones up to the entrance of the hostelry, where a *déjeuner*, after the mountain air and the long stage, is most acceptable.

After refreshment, and a ramble and a peep into the Romanesque church, worth seeing, we were soon on the wheels again. Pursuing our way through the valley, passing villages and old ruined castles suggesting memories of Knights Templars and of Froissart, we come to another *col* and another zig-zag ascent, allowing of another walk, though the intense heat of the afternoon sun rather indisposed us to exertion. Dashing down on the other side, we found ourselves shut up within a labyrinth of valleys—all richly wooded, all very tempting, all inviting us to tarry and explore their secret beauties. But Bagnères de Luchon was our destination; and, wondering when we should find it, at last we dashed on, up and down, till a broad valley, flat at bottom, with lines of poplars and plenty of white houses, opened on our view, but hemmed in on every side by lofty wooded mountains. Our road lay towards the lines of poplars, and, having passed them, we were amidst the white houses, with shady walks between them, and gay shops, with crimson banners hung out to declare the trade of the owner, and crowds of fashionables, and groups of guides, and sounds of horns: that was Bagnères de Luchon.

We have only space to mention two expeditions which we made from Bagnères de Luchon—one to the Port de Venasque. It is a glorious ride to the point of ascent up to the gap in the mountains which bears that name. You pass along a valley, in the midst of which

stand the ruins of a castle on the summit of a little hill. The valley is finely wooded. There is a grand succession of picturesque rocks and lofty heights. You thread the interior of a forest, round about through cooling shades, with peeps ever and anon of mountain tops, clear cut against the blue sky, or wreathed with clouds, or flushed with sun-light, green, purple, and gold. After seven or eight miles' ride, a miserable-looking straggling house with stables is reached, on the shoulder of a hill, with a sublime amphitheatre of mountains just before, making a circle, a *cul-de-sac*. Yet, on narrowly watching, something of a winding track may be seen on the steep sides; and lo! there are pigmy mules and pigmy men toiling up a sort of rocky staircase. That is the way to the Port de Venasque. We ascend. It is hard and perilous work to ride up. Before, how steep! like clambering up a wall. How will the mules ever keep their footing? There! they begin to stumble. The stones roll under their hoofs. You had better shut your eyes for a moment, and trust the beast. Well, now look back. There's a view for you! What an enormous depth of valley! What a range of mountains! billowing less and less, sometimes subsiding into very gentle curves.

You wind about from side to side, zig-zag, cross and cross. There lie three or four tarns, little lakes of green water; there a pile of unmelted snow. Up and up we still go, till we reach a face of rock, in which there is a cleft like a breach in a wall. Nothing can be seen beyond it but a piece of sky. At last we are on a level with it. We tarry for a few minutes, to let a train of Spanish muleteers and their beasts of burden pass through. Then we cross the rock-threshold. It divides France from Spain. We stand on the other side the gap; and there, what a view! A green plateau lies at one's feet, and in front the gigantic Maladetta, an enormous mountain with an enormous glacier, very white, silvery in the bright sunshine. Other mountains—an immense chain of them—shut in both sides. To the right there lengthens out a valley into the interior of Spain. In the distance lies Venasque, which gives a name to the pass.

Just by, the Archdeacon of Ely—the distinguished Mr. Hardwicke—was killed. He was staying at Luchon, and made an excursion to the Maladetta. He wished to explore the mountains in another direction than that which the guides considered safe. In opposition to their protest he went his way, intending to meet them in the valley. But he did not come. They went in search. Early in the morning they discovered his mutilated remains—his head cloven in two, as the guide told us, "like an open book."

Our other excursion from Luchon was to the Catalan village of Bosost. Again we passed the ruins of the old castle in the valley, but, instead of pursuing the route to the Port de Venasque, we took the road to the left, and so passed the ruins on the opposite side. A romantic walk through beautiful woods, along the sides of hills and across fresh green meadows, brought us, in about four hours, within sight of our destination. We reached the descent to a broad vale, bright with verdure, sparkling with the waters of the Garonne, then flowing over its stony bed in shallow wavelets, the banks lined with trees, on the opposite side a range of mountains, and Bosost lying in the distance by the river-side. We had to walk along a wretchedly rough roadway, where the stones and pieces of rock were most trying to one's soles and ankles, but found Bosost, though very dirty and miserable, well worth our visit. It is thoroughly Catalanian—not Spanish, properly speaking, but bearing

the same relation to Spain that the border country on the Tweed did to England. We met a party returning from a wedding, and were struck with the bright and gaudy colours of the people's dresses, but more especially with the long, red, jaunty caps of the men, and the black cloth hoods of the women; a costume thoroughly Catalanian. The doorways of the houses were rudely carved and inscribed with names and dates. But what particularly struck us was a heap of corn in the midst of a small area, and an unmuzzled horse going round and round threshing it out. It forcibly reminded us of the passage, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn." Other illustrations of Scripture struck us. The sheep are led, not driven; and often were we invited to drink wine out of leathern bottles.

After our visit to Luchon we took leave of the Pyrenees. Our journey home was by way of Toulouse, Avignon, Lyons, and Paris.

On comparing the scenery of the Pyrenees with that of Switzerland and the Tyrol, it strikes us that in Switzerland there are scenes of sublime grandeur not to be found in the Pyrenees, and in the Tyrol there is a soft, gentle, ravishing beauty not met with in the Pyrenees; but there is a general combining, a blending of the grand and the beautiful in the Pyrenees, surpassing that of either the Tyrol or Switzerland.

#### MORNING PRAYER AT ST. PAUL'S.

It is a true and a trite remark, that the real Londoner rarely enters the noble buildings which to a stranger are the glory of the metropolis. The power of doing so at any time has quite taken from him the desire of making their more intimate acquaintance: all his life he passes them by on the other side. We wonder how many of those whose daily avocations bring them under the shadow of St. Paul's have ever thought of ascending the steps, pushing aside the shabby swing-door, and joining in the public worship of God, which is therein carried on each morning and afternoon.

Some time since, when returning from bidding farewell to a dear friend at a distant railway terminus, as he went away to a foreign land for a sojourn of years, we heard the bell tolling for service as we passed through St. Paul's Churchyard, and, feeling in a mood for the soothing power of prayer, we thought an hour would be well spent in worship. Arriving somewhat too early, we walked round the nave in the solemn shadows, and saw the famous and the unremembered dead standing equally in their stone semblances, silent representatives of past congregations. There was old Samuel Johnson, attired in a species of Romanizing garb, in which he would not have been seen by human eye for any consideration while alive. Opposite him is John Howard the philanthropist, also dressed as never was he during all his career of blessing and benevolence. It is pleasant to remark, among those great men whom England has delighted to honour by according them places here, how many have been signalized by piety as well as by genius. Besides the two above mentioned, we come, a little farther on, to the statue of Sir Henry Montgomery Lawrence, that true Christian soldier, *sans peur et sans reproche*, who supported missions so nobly in India, and knew them to be the real cure for its tyranny and anarchy, and all other social evils; and the memorial group of Cuthbert Collingwood; and the episcopally draped figure of the well-beloved Reginald Heber, holding with his left hand the standard of his life, the volume

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of Holy Scripture, whence he drew his inspiration as a poet, and his motives for action as a man.

The majority of monuments, as usual, are commemorative of what is admired most by the greatest number, viz., the glories of war. There is Nelson, markedly armless through his martial cloak, looking out into the choir with rugged face and straight hair on his brows; Sir John Moore and Earl Howe, so surrounded by symbolic figures that one has some difficulty in distinguishing the main hero; Sir Ralph Abercrombie, guarded by Egyptian sphinxes; two Napiers at the chief entrance. Art is represented by Turner, medicine by Sir Astley Cooper, *belles lettres* by Sir William Jones; and every one knows that in the crypt, under those hundreds of rush-bottomed chairs, where the people worship beneath the dome every Sunday, lie the coffins of our greatest admiral and our greatest general, Horatio Nelson and Arthur Duke of Wellington.

But the bell ceases; the man with the mace opens the doors. Other rush-bottomed chairs fill the body of the choir. Here, sitting silent ere the choristers troop in, we become aware that the silence is indeed no silence. The surging of an angry ocean fretted by a rock-bound beach is not more ceaseless than the roar of the sea of humanity which incloses St. Paul's. It does not deafen nor drown the sounds within; it would not obliterate a whisper; but low beneath all, high above all, rises that composite roar, a grand underbass of sound.

The congregation is very small: seventeen persons out of all the multitudes that pass by have spared time this morning to come in and kneel before God. Are we unreasonable in supposing that the exigencies of business might have spared more, and that the day might have been no poorer in gain for the short delay?

"To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against him; neither have we obeyed the voice of the Lord our God, to walk in his laws, which he set before us." Soothingly fall these blessed words of eternal truth from the lips of the officiating clergyman—words which never can wear out their universal applicability to the needs of sinning and sorrowing humanity. And when we come, in the joyous "Venite," to the verses, "In his hand are all the corners of the earth: the sea is his, and he made it," a balm is poured on one heart present, by the redoubled assurance of the sovereign rule of God, which guides events alike in the burning deserts of Africa and the far distant Australia, and upon the utterly untracked deep; and whose sublime Providence cannot be confused by numbers, or by distance, or by any circumstances baffling human care and love. Blessed be his holy name for ever!

Amid even a deepening and broadening roar the service goes on to its conclusion. Not a note of the loudest organ-stop can be heard outside, though here making our foothold tremble. And in a hush of calm comes that benediction which is the essence of all blessings, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. Amen."

The seventeen rise and depart. Perhaps they have often seen the beauties of this temple, on which we are willing to linger again a little; or probably the hour of prayer was but an episode of rest in a busy day. How very beautiful is the carving along the entablature of this choir-screen! a succession of fairy-like cherubs' heads, looking out from festoonings of flowers, which are carved so as to be all but bloom and perfume. The eulogium will not appear strained when Grinling Gibbons is named as the artist. The front of the organ is also finely carved in figures. Overhead is a gilded

circle, inclosing the words, "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept."

Through the great dome fall aslant sunbeams, touching up the fresh gilding of the arches—which men are laboriously laying on from sling platforms balustraded with canvas—with additional brightness. We see the Whispering Gallery afar, and climb the broad, easy ascent till we enter, and are told some secrets respecting the building of the church, by a voice apparently at our elbow, but really at the other side of the dome, where its owner looks no bigger than a fly; and we look up at Sir James Thornhill's pictures without much comprehension, and down at the hundreds of chairs as at a very curious mosaic. It seems, were they absent, we should behold a very beautiful and symmetrical inlaying of white and black marble on the pavement; but much do we prefer beholding the unsymmetrical crowding of vulgar rush-bottomed chairs, as denoting one of the greatest uses to which this grand fane has been turned—the collecting of the masses to hear the word of God. Many an earnest Christian had deemed it a reproach that the wide spaces in many cathedrals should remain empty, sabbath after sabbath, while there was a general outcry for preaching-places. The reproach has now in London been wiped away, and the crowds attendant at every service have proved that the privilege thus afforded is popularly valued.

The sources of such mighty congregations are apparent enough when one climbs to the stone and golden galleries, and looks abroad on "the province of houses" fading into a haze of smoke all round the horizon. "O London, full of gold and of misery!" One involuntarily adapts the words of Béranger to this vaster capital. From a hundred gilded balls flashes the sunlight at all points, on towers and spires lower than our stand-place. Thames gleams restlessly, and incessant steam-boats glance along it. There is bewilderment in looking elsewhere than that well-known water-highway. Down the throats of tens of thousands of chimneys may our glance stray, over roofs innumerable, of all colours, from scarlet tile-work to gray and purple slating; and hark! a clash of the hour striking—the sound caught up from St. Paul's, as it were, and echoed by clock-towers of all calibres. For a moment the dull, multitudinous roar seems cleft by the bells' tones, and then goes on as before; and the midges called men, swarming below about the churchyard, are not only the causers of that roar grander than ocean's, but are also the builders of such piles as this! Did the builders of Babel gain higher, in their vain attempt to scale yon blue heavens, and make themselves a refuge from the wrath of the Almighty?

There is a temptation comes subtly on the soul in such scenes. In our weakness and finite capacity we are disposed to ask, "Can God have all these lives in his close care? can God be seeing and watching each of the three million human beings within the compass we gaze upon?" The mortal mind is dazzled with the thought of that all-comprehending vision and supervision. A miracle, O man! the daily miracle of Providence, repeated continually to an unbelieving earth. Gaze not over the countless streets with their countless dwellers, and think, "Well, surely, I am so small, God will forget me." The best antidote to the poisonous suggestion is, just to speak to our heavenly Father, our personal God; he without whom not even a sparrow falls to the ground; he to whom nothing is small, and nothing human is great; he who is near to me now in this golden gallery of St. Paul's, as in the place of prayer beneath; he who has assured his believing people that the very hairs of their head are all numbered.

## Varieties.

**ENGLISH SCENERY DESCRIBED BY AN AMERICAN.**—Should there be nothing else along the road to look at, an English hedge might well suffice to occupy the eyes, and, to a depth beyond what he would suppose, the heart of the American. We often set out hedges in our own soil, but might as well set out figs and pineapples, and expect to gather fruit of them. Something grows, to be sure, which we choose to call a hedge; but it lacks the dense, luxuriant variety of vegetation that is accumulated into the English original, in which a botanist would find a thousand shrubs and gracious herbs that the hedge-maker never thought of planting there. Among them, growing wild, are many of the kindred blossoms of the very flowers which our pilgrim fathers brought from England for the sake of their simple beauty and home-like associations, and which we have ever since been cultivating in gardens. There is not a softer trait in the character of those stern men than that they should have been sensible of these flower-roots clinging among the fibres of their rugged hearts, and have felt the necessity of bringing them overseas, and making them hereditary in the new land, instead of trusting to what rarer beauty the wilderness might have in store for them. Or if the road-side has no hedge, the ugliest stone fence (such as, in America, would keep itself bare and unsympathizing till the end of time) is sure to be covered with the small handiwork of Nature: that careful mother lets nothing go naked there, and if she cannot provide clothing, gives at least embroidery. No sooner is the fence built, than she adopts and adorns it as part of her original plan, treating the hard, uncomely construction as if it had all along been a favourite idea of her own. A little sprig of ivy may be seen creeping up the side of the low wall, and clinging fast with its many feet to the rough surface; a tuft of grass roots itself between two of the stones, where a pinch or two of wayside dust has been moistened into nutritious soil for it; a small bunch of fern grows in another crevice; a deep, soft, verdant moss spreads itself along the top, and over all the available inequalities of the fence; and where nothing else will grow lichens stick tenaciously to the bare stones, and variegates the monotonous gray with hues of yellow and red. Finally, a great deal of shrubbery clusters along the base of the stone wall, and takes away the hardness of its outline; and in due time, as the upshot of these apparently aimless or sportive touches, we recognise that the beneficent Creator, whom we call Nature, has deigned to mingle a charm of Divine gracefulness even with so earthly an institution as a boundary fence. The clown who wrought at it little dreamed what fellow-labourer he had. The English should send us photographs of portions of the trunks of trees, the tangled and various products of a hedge, and a square foot of an old wall. They can hardly send us anything else so characteristic. As regards grandeur, there are loftier scenes in many countries than the best that England can show; but for the picturesqueness of the smallest object that lies under its gentle gloom and sunshine there is no scenery like it anywhere.—*Hawthorne's "Our Old Home."*

**RAILWAY STATISTICS.**—In the year 1863 173,605,485 passengers travelled on the railways in England and Wales, which, taking the population at something under 22,000,000, would give an average of, say, eight journeys for each individual. On the 31st of December there were in all 8568 miles of way open, over which 3,811,878 trains ran, carrying 173,605,485 passengers of all classes, exclusive of those who held season tickets, of whom there were 42,991. In connection with the passengers there were carried at the same time 55,242 carriages, 226,439 horses, and 327,147 dogs. The goods traffic shows the following great results: there were carried 39,737,074 tons of coal and coke, and of all minerals, 55,613,641 tons; of general merchandise, 26,741,928 tons; while 2,123,833 cattle, 6,076,908 sheep, and 1,270,561 pigs were also carried. The passenger trains travelled over 50,515,081 miles, while the entire distance travelled by all trains was 97,424,179 miles. The money received for the passenger traffic was £12,262,416; and for the goods traffic, £13,950,406; making the total receipts from all sources of traffic, £26,212,822. It is an important point to consider how this wonderful system of traffic has been performed in respect of the safety to life and limb—a question which, on the recurrence of each railway accident, we are apt, in the actual contemplation and presence of the calamity, to estimate wrongly.

Of the 3,811,878 trains, 51 met with accidents; 44 of the accidents were to passenger trains; and of the 173,605,485 passengers, 11 were killed and 371 injured. The total number of passengers, servants, and others who suffered by accidents to trains during 1863 on all railways in England and Wales was 18 killed and 402 injured. The amount paid as compensation for personal injury was £130,794.

**CHRISTIAN IX OF DENMARK.**—Those of his subjects who come within the reach of his fascination, I should think, will not easily rank with "his Majesty's Opposition." He has a winning smile, a fair and benevolent countenance, not by any means deficient in shrewdness and intelligence. He is not much above the middle size; his figure is rather slender, and truly elegant; his bearing is that of a private gentleman: at least, I could not detect much of the grandeur and stateliness that the vulgar are apt to associate with the outward look of royalty. He wore the uniform of a general officer of the highest rank—a long overcoat with shoulder-straps and a foraging cap, the common garb of most officers in campaign, simple, but scrupulously clean and tidy, distinguished by the most accurate cut and exquisite fit. The King's features are good, fine, and regular: the face rather sharp and lean, the complexion fair and clear; the eyes, so far as I could see at a little distance (which was a great one for a near-sighted person like me), light blue; the hair seemed chestnut, the moustaches and whiskers, which are rather bushy, of a dark brown. I am told the King is about forty-six: were I to judge from appearances, I should have thought him at least ten years younger.—*Gallenga's "Denmark."*

**ARCHBISHOP WHATELY'S CURE FOR OVER-TAXED BRAINS.**—The first occasion on which I ever saw Dr. Whately (observes a correspondent) was under curious circumstances. I accompanied my late friend Dr. Field to visit professionally some members of the Archbishop's household at Redesdale, Stillorgan. The ground was covered by two feet of snow, and the thermometer was down almost to zero. Knowing the Archbishop's character for humanity, I expressed much surprise to see an old labouring man in his shirt-sleeves felling a tree "after hours" in the demesne, while a heavy shower of sleet drifted pitilessly on his wrinkled face. "That labourer," replied Dr. Field, "whom you think the victim of prelatical despotism, is no other than the Archbishop curing himself of a headache. When his Grace has been reading and writing more than ordinarily, and finds any pain or confusion about the cerebral organization, he puts both to flight by rushing out with an axe, and slashing away at some ponderous trunk. As soon as he finds himself in a profuse perspiration he gets into bed, wraps himself in Limerick blankets, falls into a sound slumber, and gets up buoyant."—*Fitzpatrick's "Memoirs of Whately."*

**ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL.**—Five thousand nine hundred and forty-two patients were received into the wards during the year—a large number for a single institution. It is only in advanced or serious stages of disease that patients are admitted into the wards, the more trivial or easily remediable cases being treated in the out-patient department. For this reason it is, we find, that nearly one in ten of the patients admitted die in the hospital, the actual number being five hundred and fifty-seven. It is this large mortality, in comparison with that occurring among the general run of cases treated in domestic life, that makes many poor persons averse to enter an hospital, where alone they could have the benefit of those remedial agencies necessary to their cases.—*City Press.*

**THE WORLD VIEWED IN THE LIGHT OF CHRISTIANITY.**—Possibly few of his readers have had ampler opportunities than the author of this work, of watching society in all its different phases, gravely and patiently; and the result, to his own mind, is a profound conviction that human life and character, and all the incidents affecting them, can be contemplated safely, with instruction, and with true and enduring interest, only by the illumination of Christianity. Without it, everything looks, so to speak, upside down.—*Preface to new edition of "Diary of a late Physician," by Samuel Warren, D.C.L.*